

## **cold moon**

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# **cold moon**

by [kneeinjury](#)

## Summary

The shadows find her other arm, her ankles, and bind her to the bed, spread out beneath him like a feast. She always knew he would consume her, didn't she?

or: the degradation/praise kink fic

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Alina doesn't find the firebird in time. Aleksander gets there first.

He was always going to get there first, was always going to win this war. And she, his spoils, is summarily bundled up in transport back to the Little Palace, back to his newly-conquered kingdom. But not before he binds her to him again.

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In the carriage on the way back to Os Alta, she stares sightlessly over Aleksander's shoulder at the dark upholstery behind him, trying to ignore the weight of the firebird's bones around her wrist.

She never manages to convince him to tell her what he did to her friends. Perhaps it's better this way, she rationalizes, perhaps they can continue to live in her unspoiled imagination.

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Perhaps he knows he is sparing her.

Alina thinks she might be weak. She thinks she might be a coward.

After a decade, she knows she is. After a decade, she can no longer see the point in resisting him. The tether between them pulls on her constantly, like fresh stitches. Her discomfort with hating him grows too strong, her will grows too weary.

And she is lonely. And he is there.

He is always there.

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*Surely it was only a matter of time,* she thinks with his hand in her hair.

*Surely I couldn't be expected to stay strong forever,* she thinks when he lifts her onto the breakfast table in his bedroom.

*Surely I shouldn't have to be alone forever,* she thinks as he peels her clothes off of her and deposits her onto his massive bed.

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It only takes that one time, and suddenly she's insatiable. She chases him into his study, reaching for the buttons on his kefta before he's even said a word. She slips into his quarters in the middle of the night, sliding her robe off her naked shoulders and straddling him in his bed.

He laughs at her, coldly amused by her newfound lack of inhibition. She tries to ignore the warm rolling sensation that turns her stomach pleasantly at his mockery.

He never comes to her first. For days, he'll ignore her almost entirely, only answering direct questions in the simplest terms, and he never seeks her out in her bed. He denies her to the point of desperation, until impatience and frustration drives her into his study, until she knocks aside trade proposals and seizes his mouth with hers, needy and squirming in his lap.

After, she lays beside him, or sits astride his thighs, or stills beneath him, facedown on his desk, panting and loose, and does not think about the cool, soothing emptiness that overtakes her mind each time he puts her down.

Each time she has him, he lets her have her way for a few minutes, indulging her with the illusion of control, before suddenly taking her in hand, pinning her beneath the chokehold of his fingers, the drive of his cock inside her, the weight of his body on hers.

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Each time she pretends, and he lets her, that surrender was not what she was searching for the entire time.

In the early days of summer, Aleksander leaves for six weeks, taking a convoy to the Fjerdan border to “encourage the spirit of cooperation amidst some... *troubled* factions.”

He departs early in the morning, before the sun is up, and leaves Alina, still naked and barely awake in his bed, with a kiss on her mouth.

She stirs when he rises, humming sleepily at the disturbance, and he shushes her, petting a hand along the white glow of her hair in the dark.

“Go back to sleep, Alinochka. It’s early still.”

She lets her eyes fall shut again, turns her face into his pillow, still warm from his head, and breathes in.

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The next few weeks are as dull as any she can remember. She reads more books than she can count, attempts and then ruins half a dozen cross stitches, and wears out her poor horse Maksim until the sight of her in his stall is enough to send his eyes rolling back into his head.

Once, she spends a few hours in the courtyard calling the light, making little firework shows to entertain the Grisha children in between their lessons, but she finds that in the long, bright days of summer, she is easily tired of the sun that bursts from her fingertips. Her head aches from its glare.

Six very long weeks pass, and one morning at breakfast she hears something of a commotion coming from the south wing of the palace, near the receiving hall. She leaves her porridge and half-eaten blini and rushes to the door, her stomach already roiling.

Before she even sets a hand on the doorknob, it turns and the door swings open, and a rather bedraggled-looking Aleksander stands before her.

He looks half-mad, his eyes burning and his hair mussed haphazardly over his forehead.

She opens her mouth to speak, but he wastes no time in backing her toward the bed, puts one hand on her throat and the other on the sash around her waist.

“Thought about you the entire time,” he snarls, wrenching her robe open and popping the buttons off her nightgown in his haste to unclothe her, “my poor little wife, all alone with no one to take care of her.”

He presses his body up against hers, tightening his grip on her throat and smiling faintly when she whines.

“Thought about your tight little cunt, the sounds you make, how messy you get. Every night, I thought about your soft little tits and how they taste, how they feel in my hands when I make you come on my tongue. Your—” he stops to undo her braid, single-mindedly taking apart the plait, absurdly gentle, “ *fucking* mouth, pink and desperate and loud.”

She keens, and he laughs, harsh. “Yes, Alina, just like that.”

The next sound that comes out of her mouth is swallowed by his, devouring her, sucking on her tongue, doing his best to crawl inside and down her throat and into her belly and around her bones.

By the time he gets her fully undressed, she's already wet; she can feel it slicking up her thighs, can feel herself growing soft and swollen and hot.

She lays back on the bed, putting a hand around Aleksander's neck to draw him down close to her so she can keep kissing him, but he pulls away.

He looks down at her, eyes black as pitch, mouth pink and wet. Alina always feels impossibly small under his gaze, a prey animal pinned beneath the talons of a hawk. He licks his lips.

"Lie back," he tells her, voice too even for how hungrily he was kissing her just a moment ago. She obeys, and he takes a step back, surveying her naked body, assessing her. His eyes linger on the rise of her breasts, the tight, aching peak of her nipple; he takes in the weeping mess of her cunt. She knows how she must look: wet, sloppy, pink. Slut.

"Spread your legs, little saint, for your heretic. Let me see what an embarrassment you've made of yourself."

Again, she obeys. He sighs.

"Oh, *Alina*. Look at you. Filthy."

She shakes, reaches for him, only for a shadow to catch her by the wrist, a dark circle forming just beneath the abalone gloss of the sea-whip's scales, black on white.

"Sasha, I want-"

"Hush."

She whimpers.

The shadows find her other arm, her ankles, and bind her to the bed, spread out beneath him like a feast. She always knew he would consume her, didn't she?

“Six weeks was much too long, wasn’t it, milaya, for you to go without my cock? Proud little sun summoner, reduced to such a *mess*. What would your zealots think of you if they saw how you weep for it?”

She burns, she throbs. The shadows at her wrists tighten their grasp when she struggles. Tears gather at the corners of her eyes, hot and trembling.

“Did it hurt, Alina? Did your poor, sweet little cunt ache without my touch? It did, didn’t it? You need to be fucked, often, and well, and by someone who knows how.” He reaches out as if to touch her, his gaze hard and hungry and burning, but stops before he makes contact, his hand hovering just above the swell of her sex, just above where she’s wet and aching for him.

“I— I—” she croaks, throat stinging, tight. He makes a sympathetic noise, shaking his head at her with a mocking look.

“You what, pet?”

She can’t even respond, just shuts her eyes and shakes her head. She can’t bear to look at him, it’s too much, it’s too—

“Pathetic. Sankta Alina, tell me, where does your devotion lie now? Hm?” A dark tendril slithers across her body, skating across her breasts to suck at each nipple. She jerks in his hold, crying out.

“You’re no saint,” he continues, heedless of her whimpering, “you’re just my little whore.”

He carries on ruining her, darkness spreading across her body, pressing her tits together to pull at her nipples until they're swollen and stiff. Her cunt feels *sloppy*. Each time she clenches down, a new rush of slick arousal pulses down to her entrance with a burst of sensation.

She begins sobbing outright, just as the cool touch of his shadow curls itself around her puffy, throbbing clit, tugging with no regard for her anguish. She writhes, climax rising in her belly, too sudden, begs him, “please, please, Aleksander, I’m— *please*, I want to come, I’m going to come—”

He pulls away suddenly. Alina shrieks. She was so close, she can feel it, right under the surface. If she could just clench her thighs together she could still get there, she wants—

She pulls at the darkness binding her feet to the bed posts, turning her knees inward in a pitiful attempt to get some kind of friction. She clenches down. Maybe she can make herself come just with that, but—

Aleksander’s hand shoots to her throat. It’s the first time he’s touched her directly since tying her up. She chokes, both at the force of it and at the shock of his warm fingers (finally, *finally*) making contact with her skin.

“You come when *I* say so, Alina. Do you hear me? You come when I tell you to come. Not before. Slutty little girls do as they’re told, or they get punished,” he hisses, his nose just brushing hers.

She nods, chin trembling.

“Say it.”

She swallows. “Sl-slutty little girls do as they’re told.”

“Or?”

“Or they get punished.”

“Good girl,” he says, and presses a kiss to the tip of her nose. The tenderness of it sends her reeling. Her head spins.

He releases his shadows from her legs, shifting to settle himself between them. She doesn’t know when he took his clothes off; she doesn’t care. All she cares about is the fact that he’s pressing his hot, heavy cock against her, sliding back and forth along her entrance. He notches the slit at the head against her clit, just rests it there, and she can feel it pulse, can feel his heart beat through his blood.

“Conquered again. I’ll conquer you over and over, for the rest of eternity. And you’re going to let me, aren’t you, my little sun?”

*My little peninsula.* Yes, she’s been conquered. His flag waves proudly from her shore. Tears stream down her temples into her hair.

He pushes into her. It’s almost enough to make her come, almost enough to send her over, if he’d just move, just give her some friction, she’d be right there, but as soon as he’s all the way inside her, he stills.

She clenches around him. “S-Sasha, I—” she licks her lips, “please, Sasha, I want—I’m trying to be good, I just want to come, I want to—”

“So come.”

A wail tears its way out of her lungs. Aleksander doesn’t move, so she hitches her hips up, watching his expression for any hint of displeasure. She wants to be good for him, so, so badly, wants to be his good girl.

The muscles in her stomach complain as she circles her hips again, grinding on his cock, pulsing around him. She can feel him in her throat.

*Forever*, she thinks, *I want to stay like this forever*. Full and conquered and wanted.

“I thought you wanted to come, Alina,” Aleksander interrupts her hazy, addled thoughts with a patronizing croon, “poor little baby, desperate for it, doesn’t even know how to make herself come.”

She sobs, the sweet condescension sending a wave of heat rolling through her, slick filling her cunt as she fucks herself on the fullness. She clenches down on him, shifts her hips up, trying to find—

There. She finds the right angle and rocks back and forth against it, feeling the tide of orgasm swell inside her. It’s tight and hot and so near, she humps up against it frantically, gasping, needy and messy and slutty, just like he said, desperate to come—

And she comes: spectacularly, blazing, writhing on his cock.

She tightens around him, her body instinctively trying to wring his spend out of him, trying to fill her up with it, lock it in— she shakes and shakes and shakes, rolling her hips, chasing the feeling, and *that’s* when Aleksander starts fucking into her, and before it’s even over he’s pushing another climax out of her, the force of it shoving her up the bed.

He falls forward, bracing himself with a hand beside her head, and his distraction causes the shadows tying her down to loosen and slip away. She doesn’t hesitate to reach for him, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him in, clinging to him with all four limbs and wrapping around his body like a winding train of ivy.

“Good girl, good girl, Alina,” he says into her ear, breath quick and short, “can you do one more thing for me, my girl?”

She canters her hips up, nods, breathless, “yes, yes, Sasha, anything, yes.”

“Can you take my come, malyshka? Can you take it all?”

Crying out, she nods again, tears blurring her vision, “please, yes, I want it,” she says.

He grins—sharp, lupine—and screws his hips in deeper, fucking her so full she thinks she’s going to burst. She’s going to come again, she can feel it, simmering, deeper, darker this time.

“Where do you want it, Alina? Where do you want my come? Tell me,” he’s gasping now, rhythm growing choppy and hard, slamming into her with abandon. Each part of her feels completely full of him, he’s inside every atom, he’s rewriting her genetic code using his initials, he owns every inch of her.

“I want it inside me, Sasha, please, I want you to fill me up with your come. Want you to come inside me so there’s no room for anything else. I need it, please,” she begs him, voice going thin and reedy.

“Perfect, my perfect little whore, letting me fill her up with my seed,” he shifts, the angle moving higher, further inside her, fuller and deeper, “going to get a baby on you soon. Put my child inside you so everyone knows. Everyone will know who you spread your legs for, whose come you beg for.”

Sweat slides between them, her breasts pressed flat against his chest. His waist rests against the cradle of her hips, the flat bone above his cock pushing against her clit on each thrust. She sets her teeth against the side of his neck, licks at the salt.

“You want them to see it, hm? Your belly full of my baby, so they know who keeps you fucked and full? I’ll give it to you, Alina, put my heir inside you. You take it so well, letting me breed you like this.” His voice is rough, rhythm faltering.

“I want it, Sasha,” she whispers, riding the edge, “want you to fuck a baby into me,” clenches down, and comes around him, shivering as it rolls through her, fire in the dry season, starting deep inside her.

The first rush of his come shoots inside her; she can feel it, warm and wet, shudders in his arms at the sensation. He keeps fucking into her, pulls back a little to mouth at her tits, taking a nipple into his mouth to tease his tongue over it.

He pumps into her until she pushes at his shoulder, too sensitive, and he stills, settled deep inside her. She sighs as he pulls his mouth off her breast with a pop, tongue flicking out to collect the pool of saliva left on her nipple.

Every couple of seconds, a wave of pleasure rolls through her, and her body tightens around his cock, pulling another rush of come out of him. She can feel it spilling inside her cunt, she can feel that she’s full to the brim of his seed. She shudders, suddenly cold.

Aleksander doesn’t pull out yet, sets his teeth to the side of her neck and sucks at the tendons, and Alina whines, squirming on his dick.

“Shh,” he tells her, mouth moving against her throat, “be still, little one. You’re all right.”

The room is quiet but for their breathing, and she can hear people rustling about in the hallway to the southern wing. She wonders out loud what responsibilities Aleksander’s ignoring to stay locked inside her, and he huffs a laugh against her collarbone, licks a stripe up to her jaw, and tells her not to worry her pretty head about it.

“When one is the tsar of all of Ravka,” he says, putting a hand on her breast and pinching the nipple between his thumb and forefinger to make her whine, “one finds that one’s schedule can be quite... flexible.”

Alina tries to tell him something snippy, but it gets lost in translation and ends up coming out as a breathy little sigh instead, as he’s now doing his best to suck the entire swell of her breast

into his mouth, and her head's gone quite empty.

“When one is— *oh*, Sasha, I—”

“Mmm,” he tells her. He puts a hand to her clit, and she forgets what she was going to say.

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The next morning, he's sitting up in bed when she wakes, turns to look at her when she stirs. She scowls at him. He looks fresh as a daisy and more well-rested than he has any right to, especially when Alina considers how sore and used her body feels.

He didn't let her leave the bed at all yesterday, had food brought to the door on a tray and fed her by hand, propped up against a mountain of pillows. He let her rest in short intervals, turning her onto her side and fucking into her as she floated in and out of wakefulness, rolling her onto her back and coming on her tits as she slept, cleaned her up and left her to doze for an hour or so before waking her up with his mouth on her cunt, a breath away from coming on his tongue.

So, yes, Alina wakes up feeling like she's been run over by a sandskiff, and would imagine she looks like it, too.

Her suspicions are more or less confirmed by the way Aleksander's gaze drops from her face to her neck as she sits up, taking in what she knows must be a constellation of bruises on her neck and chest. She can't count the number of lovebites she's had Genya tailor away with a grimace.

His lids drop, heavy and dark over his eyes. Maybe she'll keep these a few days.

There's a robe laying at the end of the bed; not hers, which Aleksander nearly tore to pieces yesterday in his haste to get his hands on her skin, but one of his. Black silk, smooth and cool

under her fingers as she ties the sash around her waist.

Aleksander looks up from the paper in his lap, catching up on correspondence from his time away, and watches her silently as she makes a plate from the tray on the breakfast table across the room, piling fruit and cheese and bread in a little mountain range on the fine white china.

“You’re looking well-rested,” she says over her shoulder.

“It’s always nice to sleep in one’s own bed,” his voice is carefully neutral, “with one’s own wife.”

There it is. Alina rolls her eyes, dropping a cube of sugar into her teacup.

“Well,” she says, “it’s good that one of us got some rest.”

He eyes her.

“You don’t have to hate me forever, Alina.”

“Hm,” she says mildly, and sips her tea.

## End Notes

yes i ripped a line from gone with the wind no i am not proud of it

@kneeinjurie on twt

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